the Cemetarians

by GilgRiM

SLG

#3

DCP

$2.95

Franklin jack-o-lantern by
gilgrim

photo by
Dminor

The Halloween Special!

THE CEMETERIANS

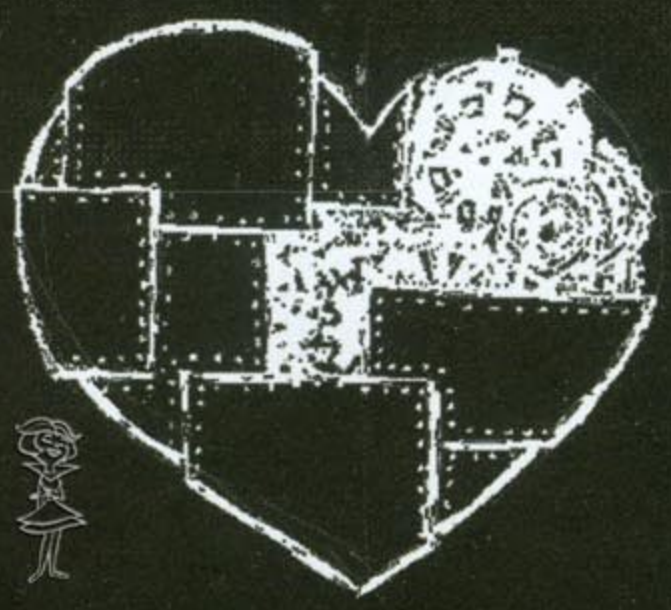
story and art by
gilgrim

colours by
Brian Scanlon

Slave Labor Graphics
Dan Vado - president & publisher
Jennifer de Guzman - editor & chief

interior design by
gilgrim & Brian Scanlon

created by
gilgrim



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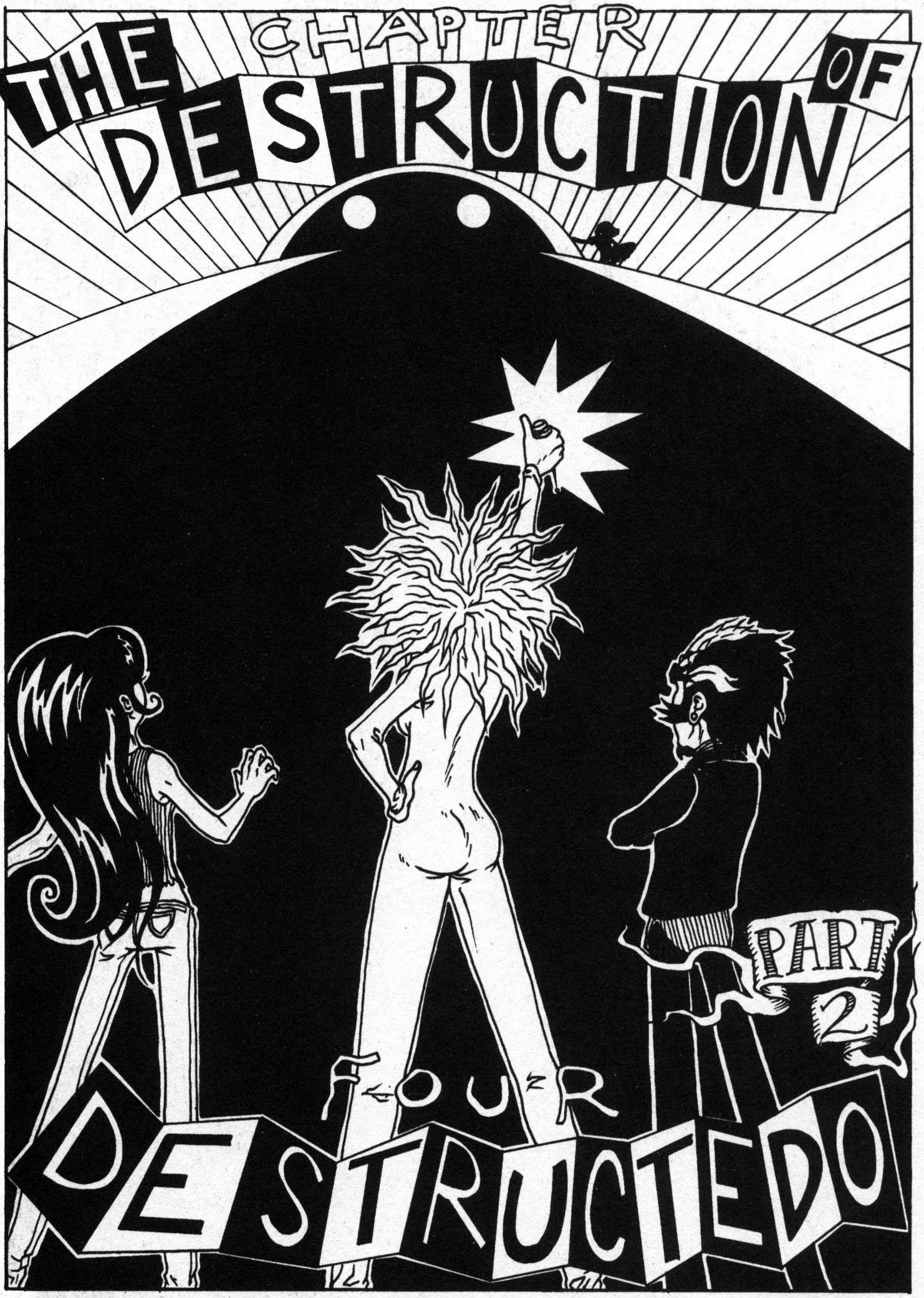
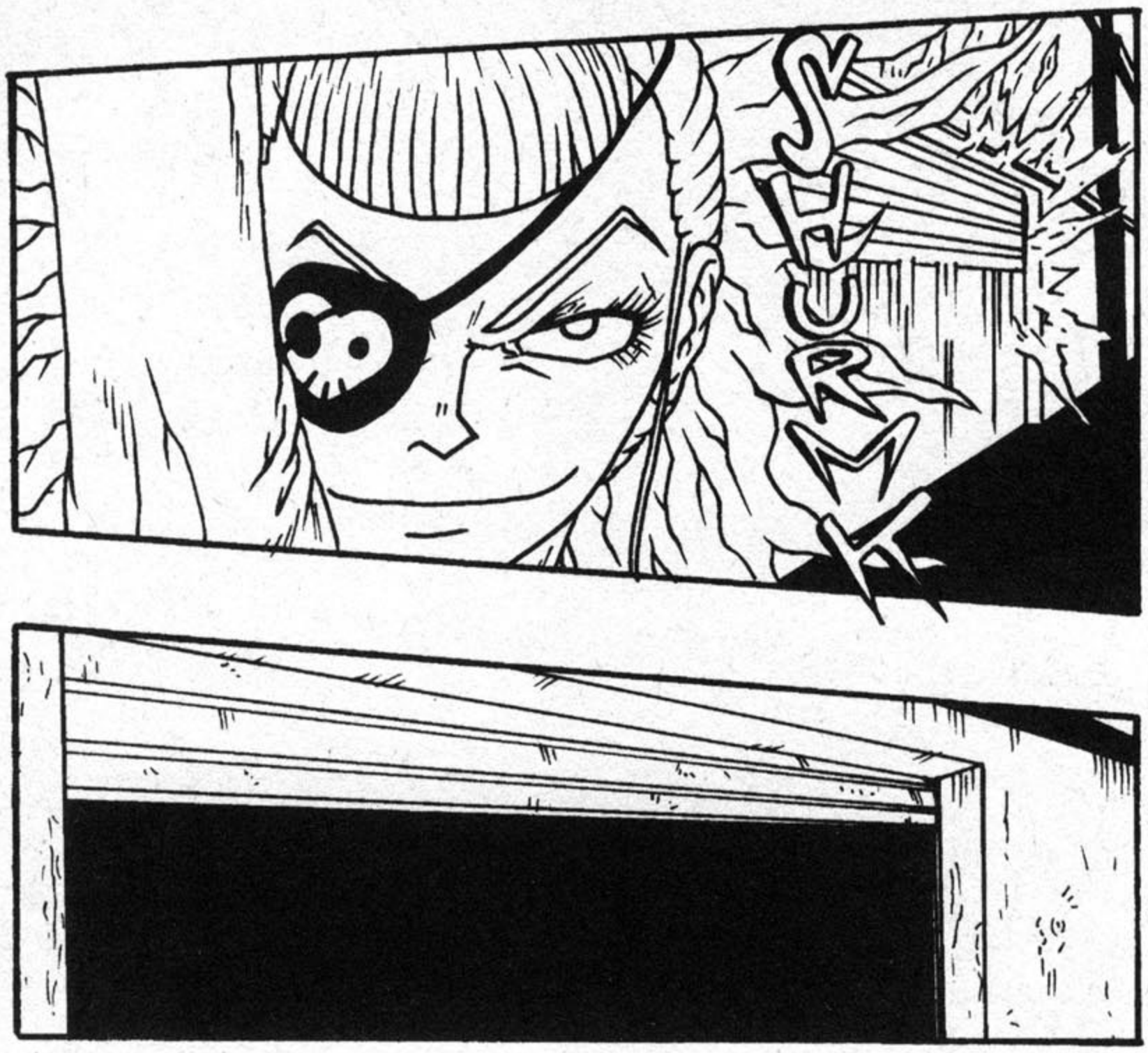
CHAPTER

THE DESTRUCTION OF

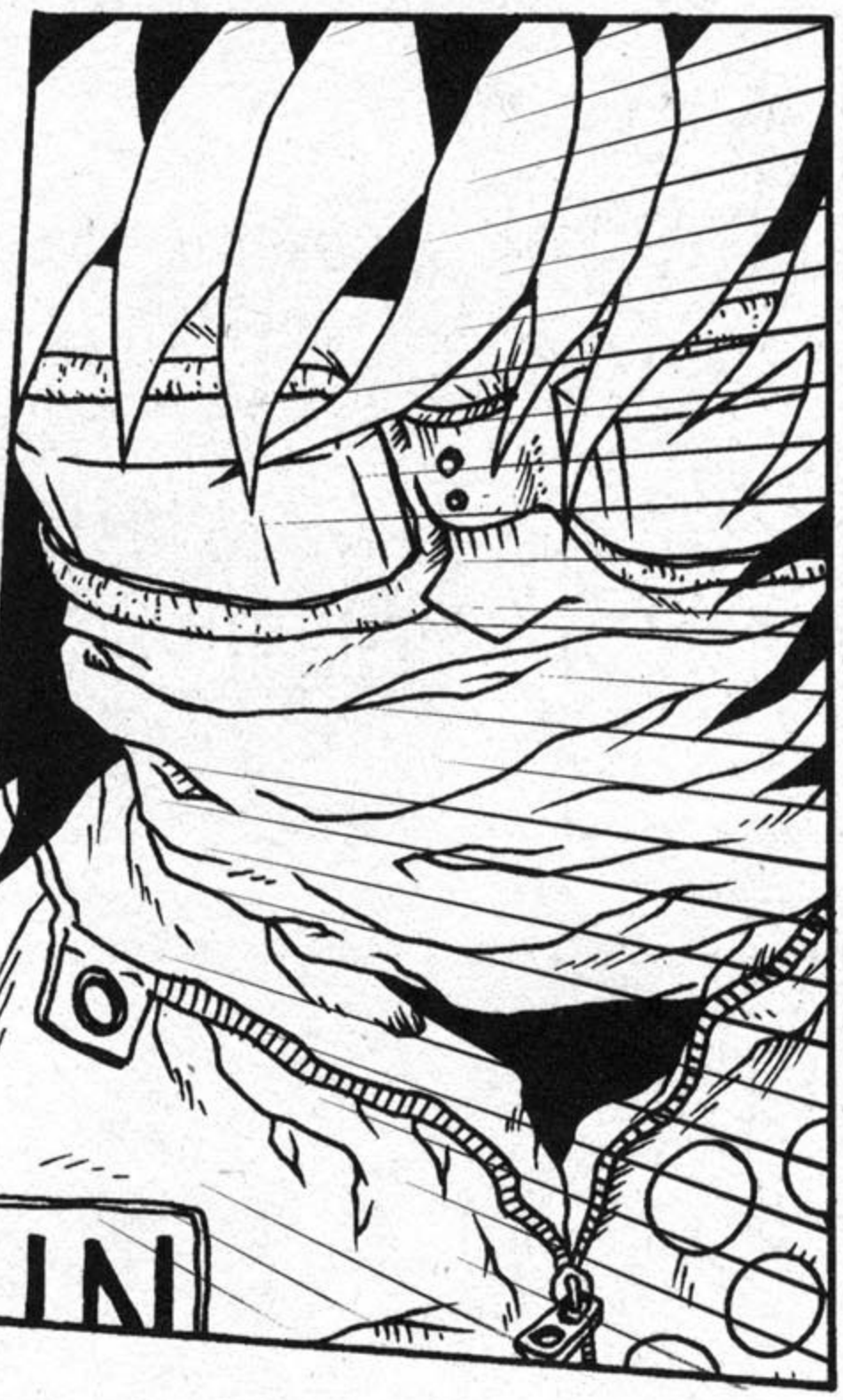


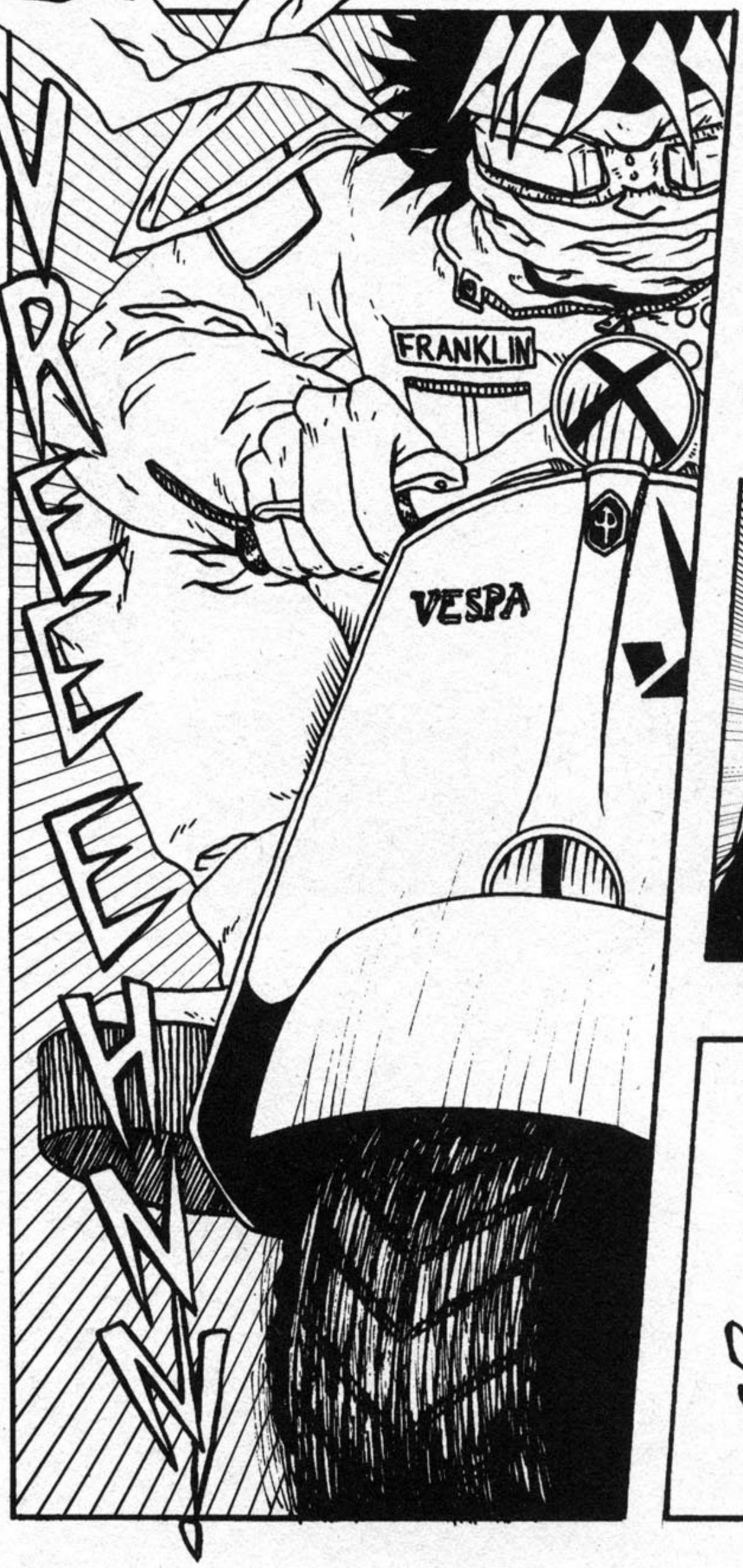
OUR DESTRUCTED

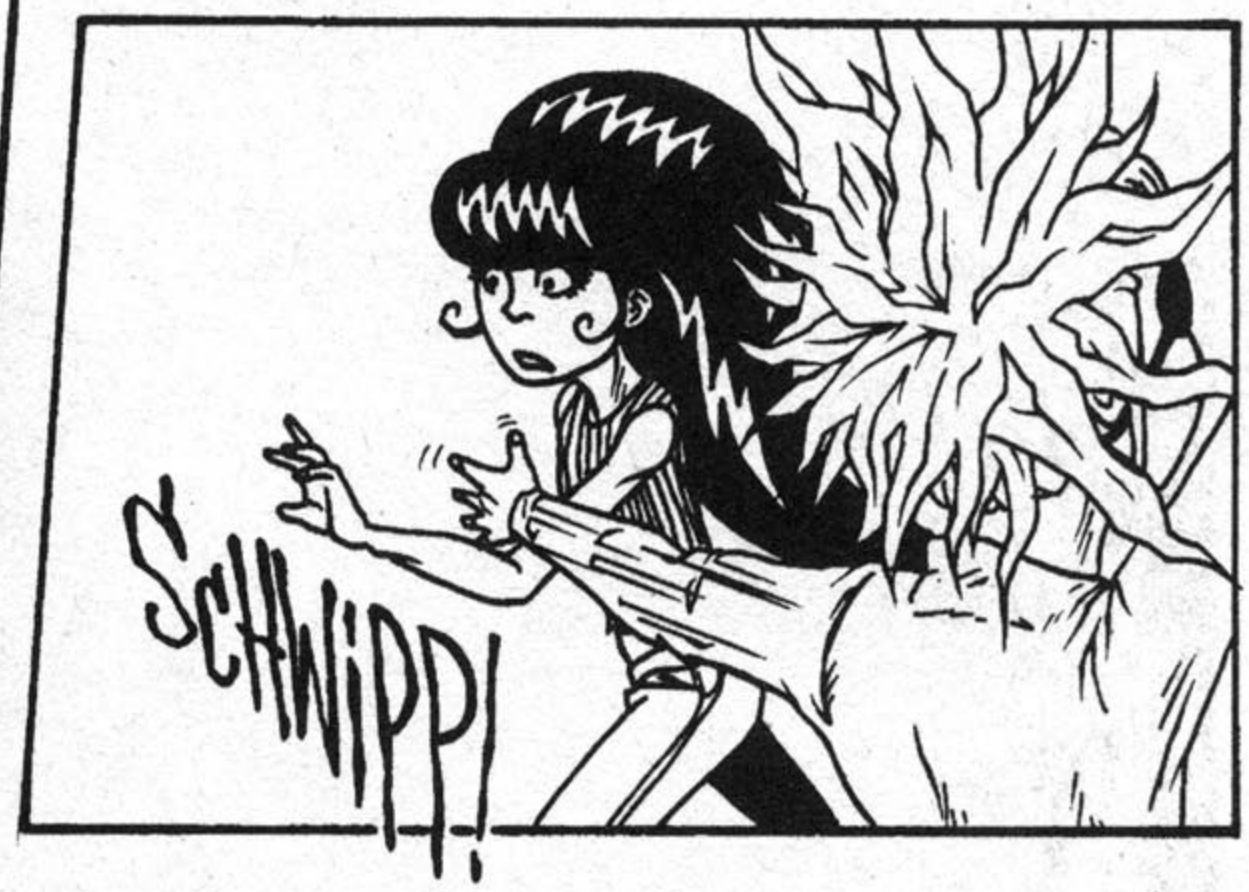
SHNO!


SUR

SSKRHH!!
VESPA




FRANKLIN
VESPA
HANK


SCHWIPP!

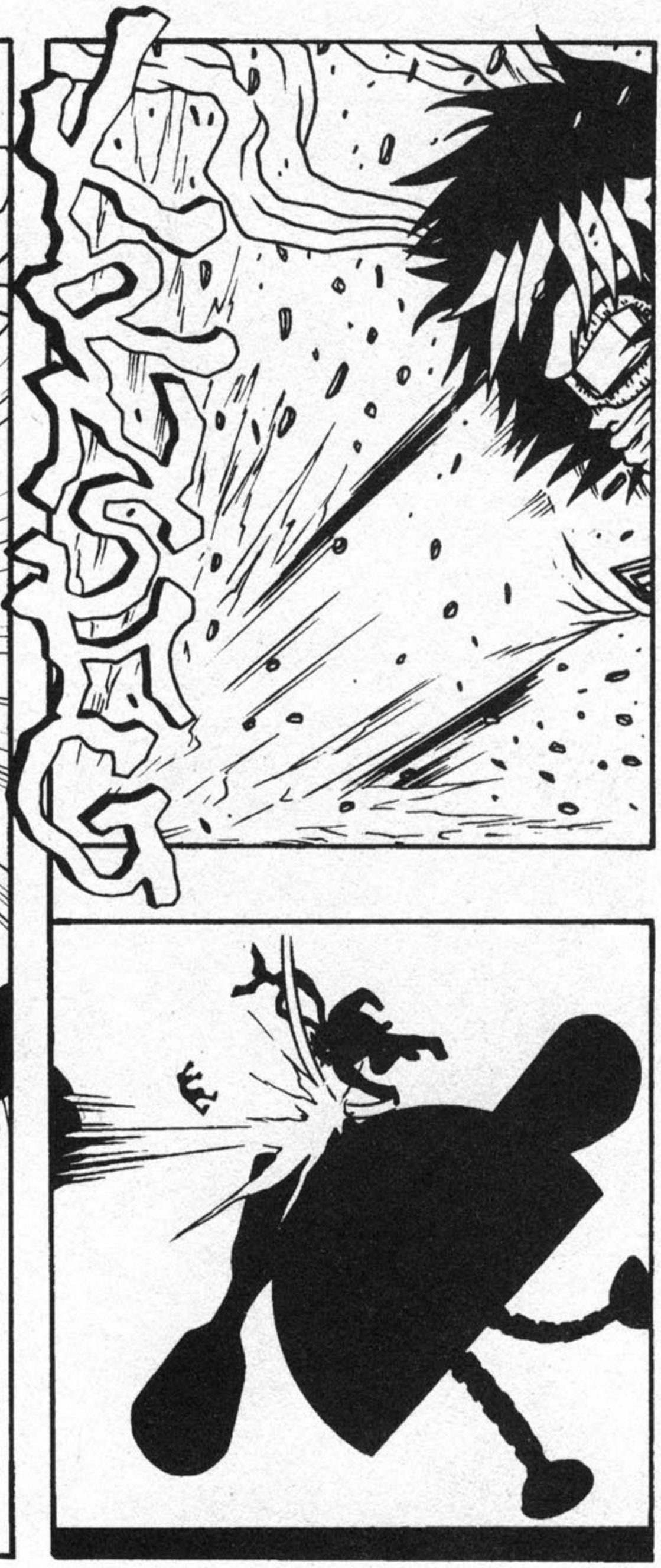
WHAT? OH, YOU'VE **GOT** TO BE KIDDING! THAT'S A VESPA! YOU'RE SENDING HIM **UNARMED** AGAINST MY **MIGHTY CREATION** WITH A SIMPLE **TOY**?

WRETCH
IS THIS ALL YOU HAVE MARLA? I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN LOOKED UP TO YOU!
WRETCH
MY CREATION IS PERFECT! UNSTOPPABLE! IMPERVIOUS! A COLOSSUS! THIS WILL END BADLY--

T.U.G!

LEAP!

EEP!



VREEEEHN!

VREEEEHN!

VREEEEHN!

THWP!

SKRiiCH!!

SKREEEEHH!

CA-T-SMP

GRAB!

SWEETCHILD

I WAS **SO** WORRIED YOU **WEREN'T** GOING TO MAKE IT THIS YEAR.

WHEN HAVE I MISSED IT? I **ALWAYS** COME BACK FOR THE HOLIDAYS, **TEACHER!**

!

!

THIS IS **BELLA**, MY STAR STUDENT FROM A LONG TIME AGO . . .

THE WHOLE FIGHT? THE **DESTRUCTION**? OUR **NEIGHBORS**? TH-TH-THE **BRAVADO**?

WE SORT OF DO THIS EVERY YEAR WHEN **BELLA** COMES BACK TO SPEND THE FALL AND WINTER WITH US.

A **LITTLE** SOME-THING TO ANNOY OUR **ROTTEN** NEIGH-BORS.

BRUSH BRUSH

WHERE'S **LANKY**? I DIDN'T SEE HIM.

YOU KNOW HOW **HE** GETS. ESPECIALLY AFTER THE LITTLE STUNT WITH THE **CYBORG-GERBILS** LAST YEAR. **HE'S** PROBABLY UNDER HIS COVERS.

DID **YOU** SEE ME, **BELLA**? DID YOU SEE ME? MAN, **THAT** WAS **AWE-SOME!** SORRY ABOUT THE **ROBOT** THOUGH, MAN.

YOU'RE . . . YOU'RE **ALL** NUTS.

ALL OF **YOU**. COMPLETELY, **UTTERLY**, CERTIFIABLY . . . **NUTS**.

UM, I THINK SHE **PASSED OUT**, MAN.

gilgrim

HALLOWEEN

HALLOWEEN IS A MAGICAL TIME OF YEAR.

EVERY YEAR THE CHILDREN GATHER IN COSTUME TO PARADE THE TOWN SEARCHING FOR TREATS.

AND **EVERY** YEAR, THERE IS ONLY **ONE** GROUP THAT THE CHILDREN WANT TO LEAD THEM . . .

BOO!

A GROUP . . .

WHO **EVERY** YEAR . . .

UM, **DOESN'T** FIT, MAN.

THROWS ON THEIR **FINEST** FORMAL GARMENTS . . .

ALRIGHT. EVERYONE READY TO GO?

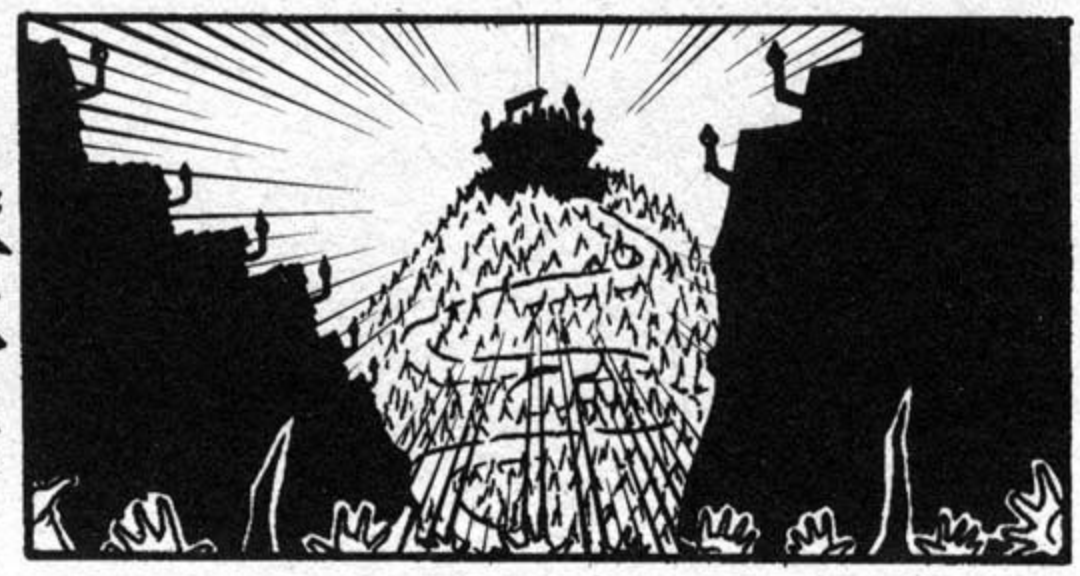
TO **LEAD** THIS SPECIAL PARADE . . .

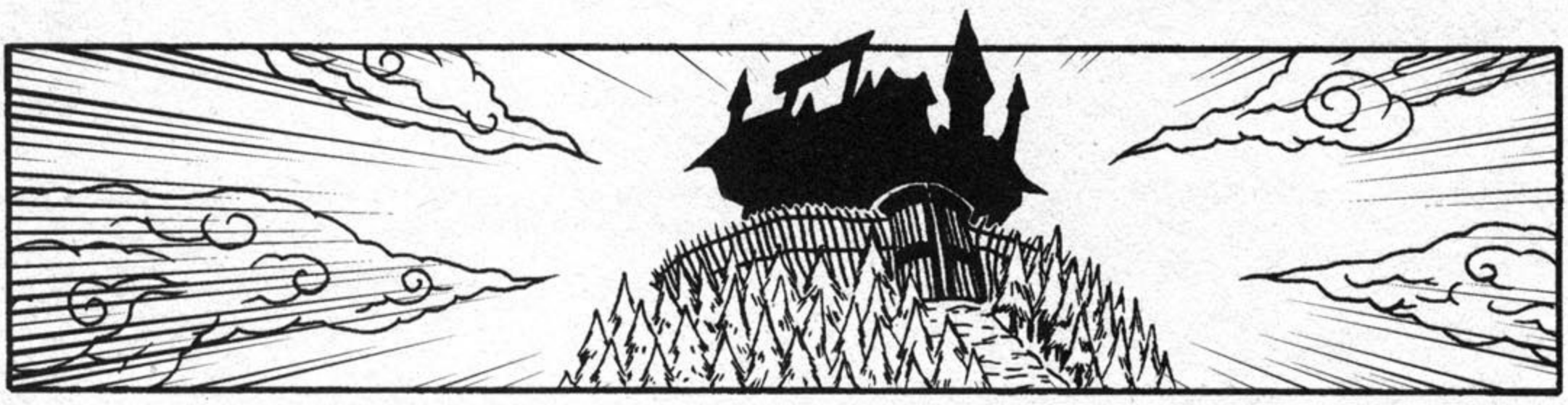
THE CEMETERIANS!

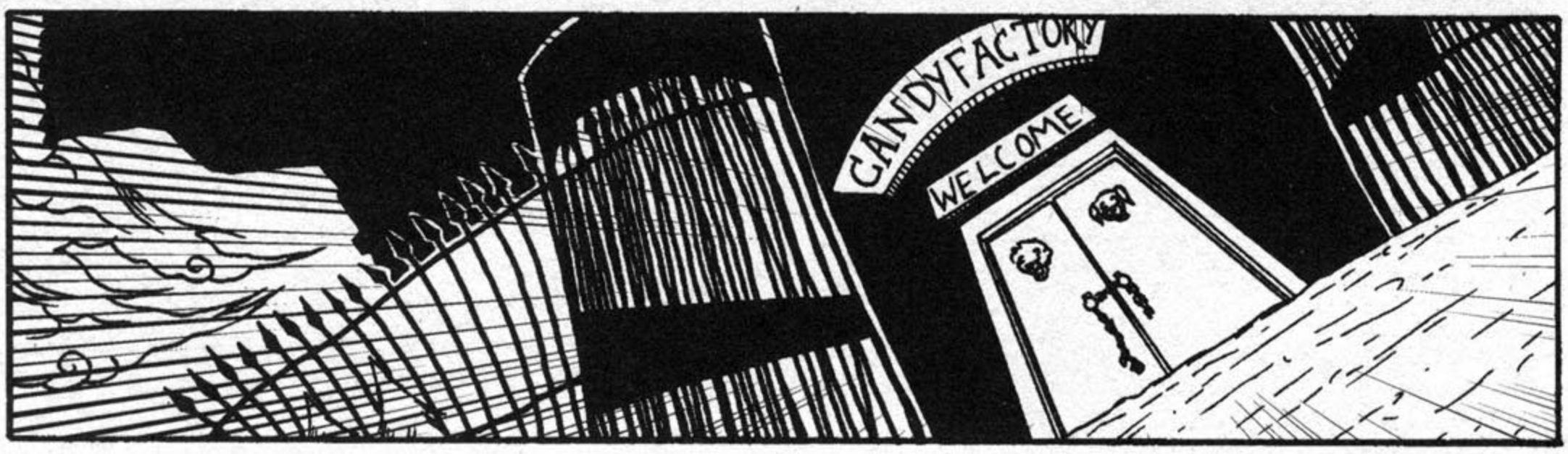
YAAAAAAAY!!

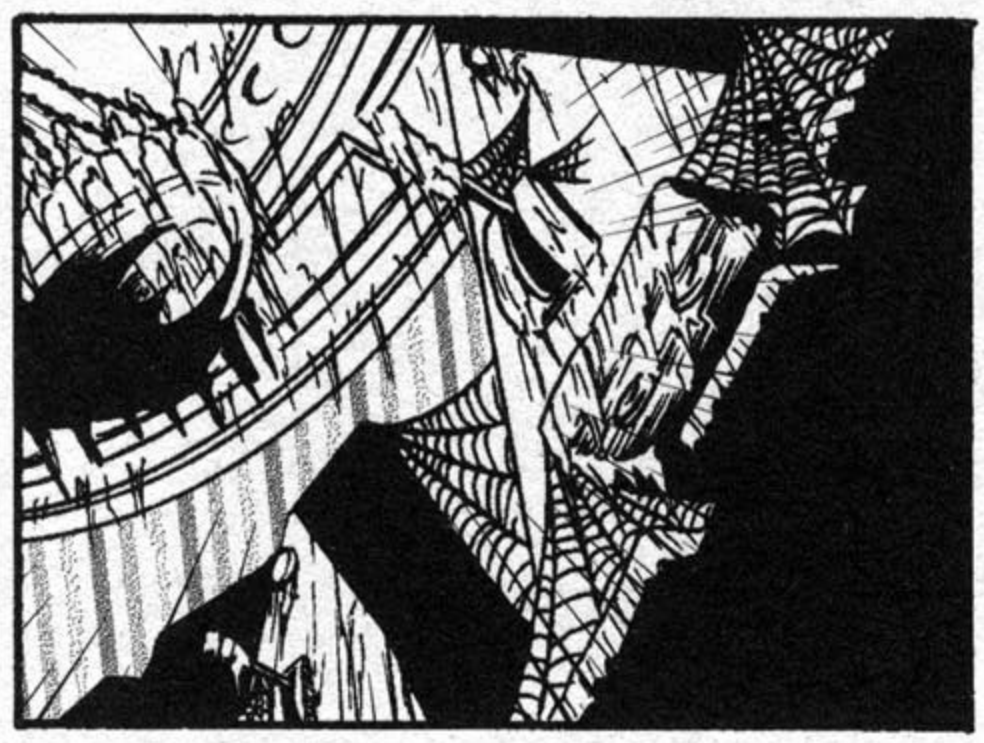
Hitech Dry-ice. Spared no expense this lot...

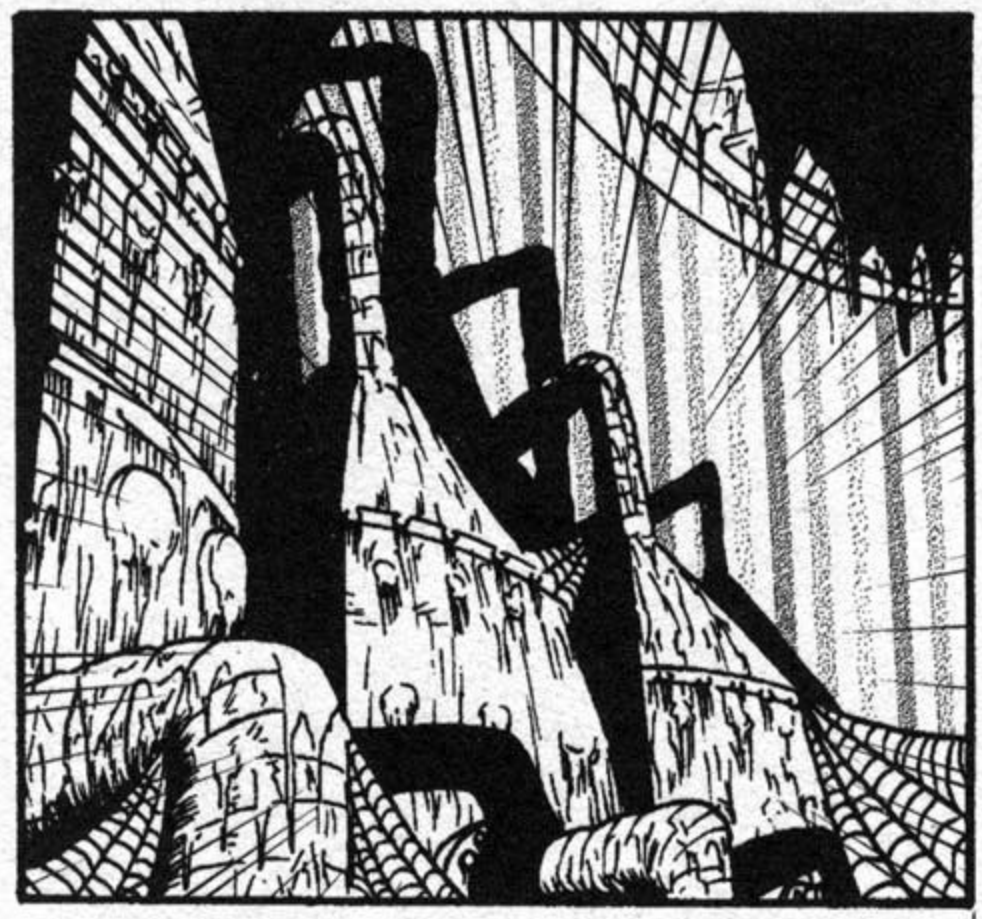
YAAAAAY!!

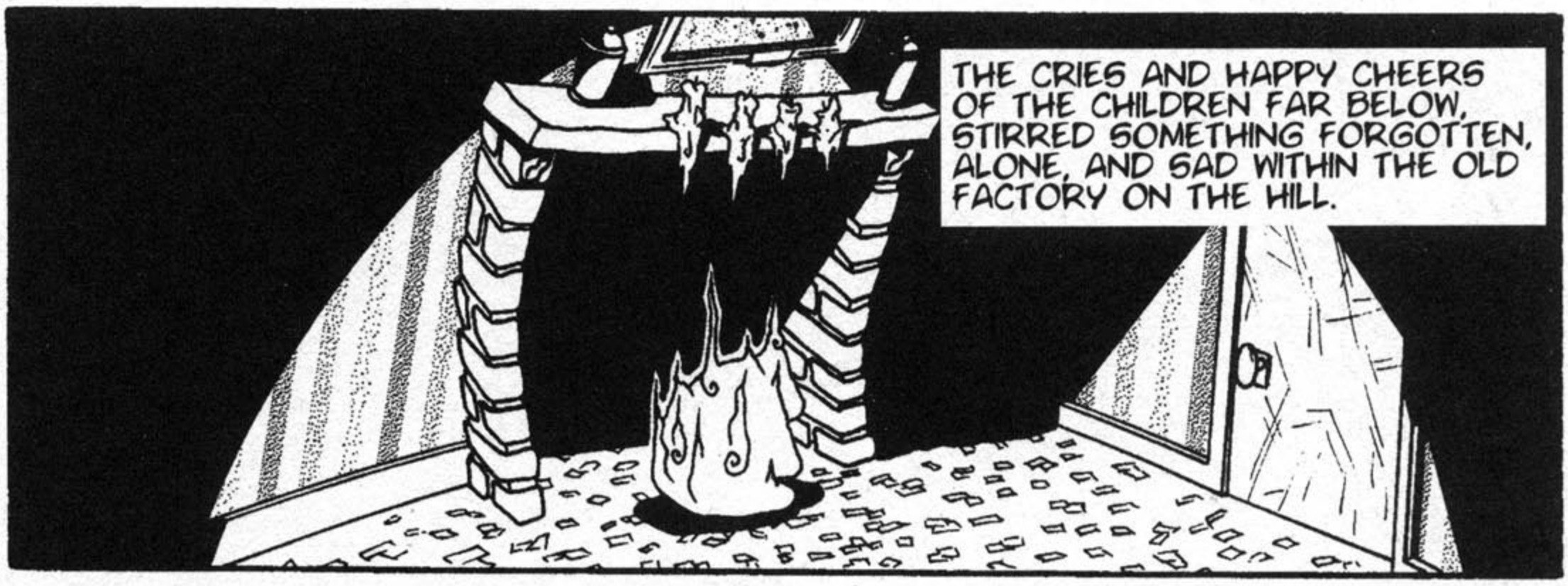


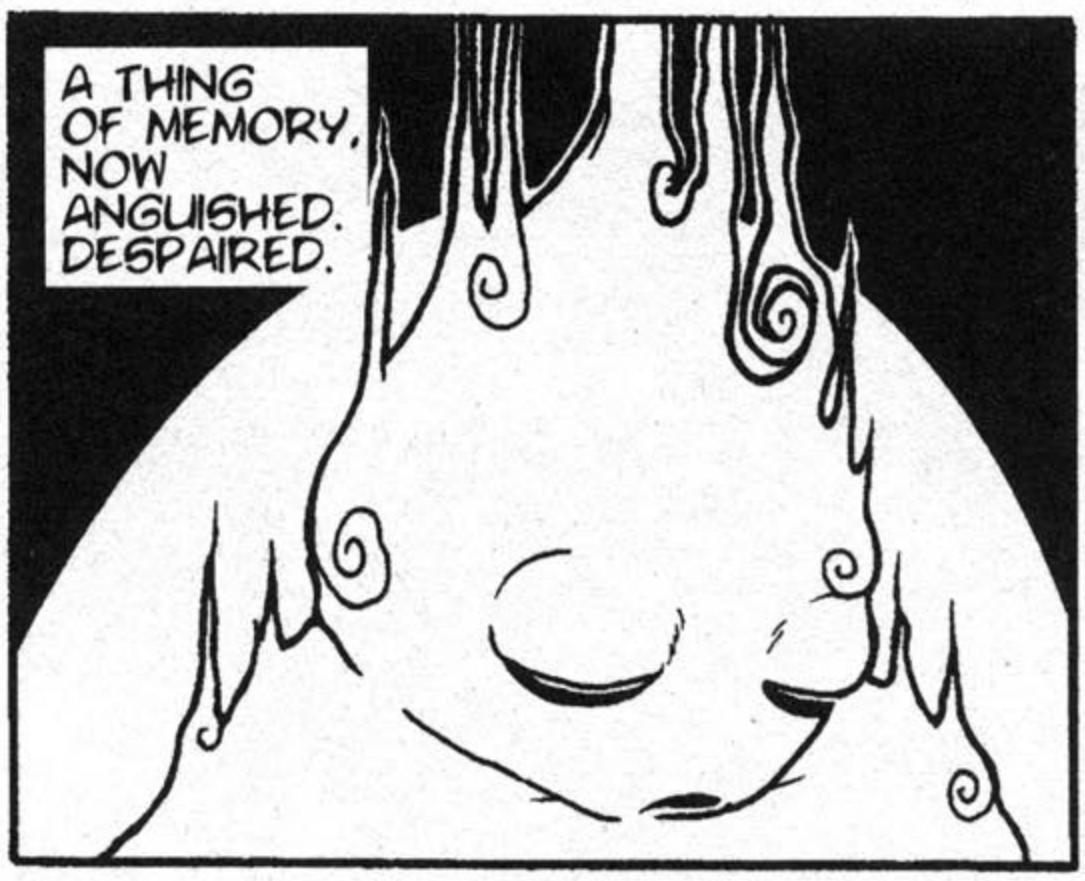



CANDY FACTORY
WELCOME



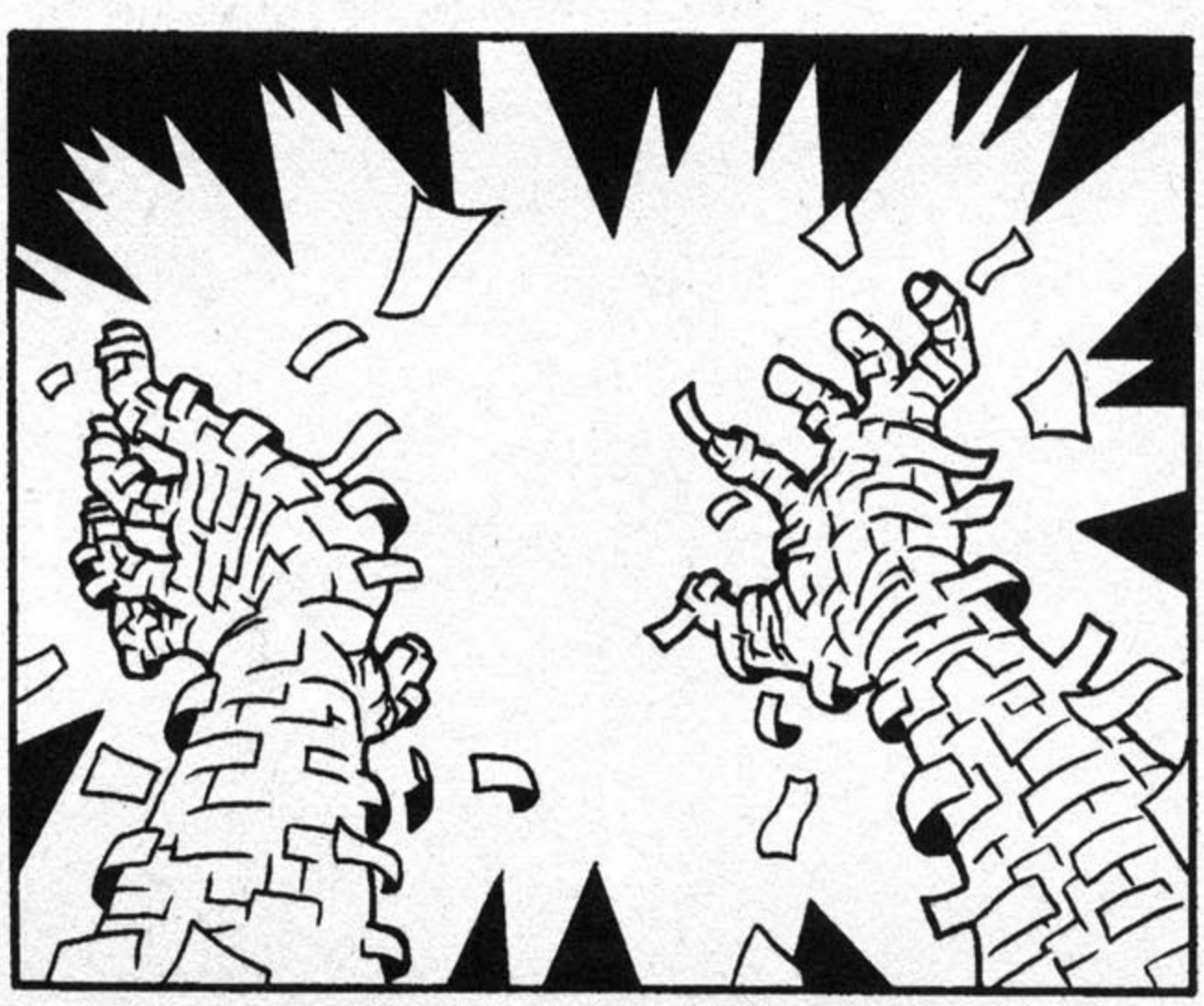


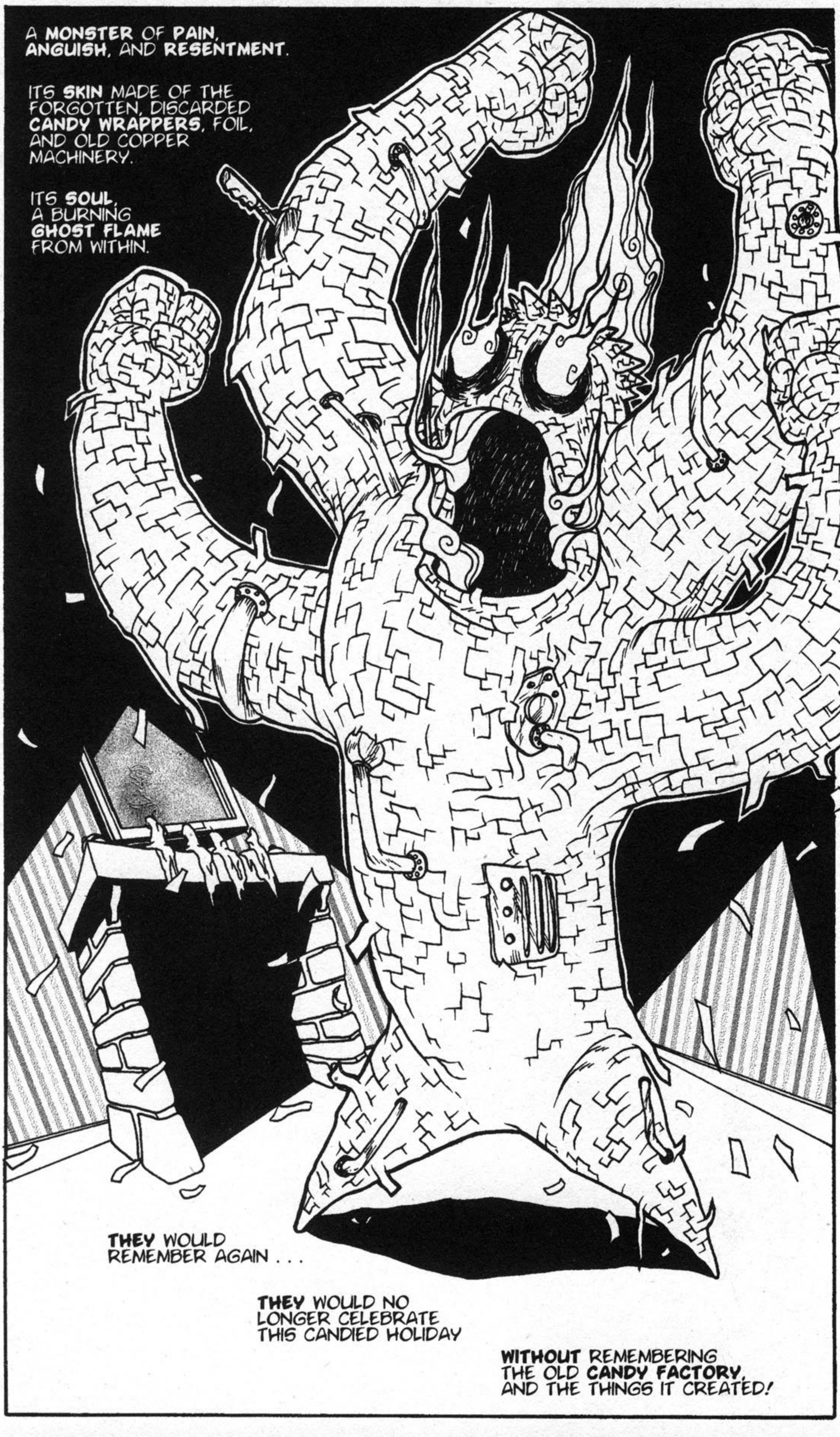

THE CRIES AND HAPPY CHEERS OF THE CHILDREN FAR BELOW, STIRRED SOMETHING FORGOTTEN, ALONE, AND SAD WITHIN THE OLD FACTORY ON THE HILL.


A THING OF MEMORY, NOW ANGUISHED. DESPAIRED.

THE PAIN, NOW A CRITICAL MASS, ENGULFED AND BEGAN-

A HORRIBLE TRANSFORMATION.
FOUNDER




A MONSTER OF PAIN, ANGUISH, AND RESENTMENT.
ITS SKIN MADE OF THE FORGOTTEN, DISCARDED CANDY WRAPPERS, FOIL, AND OLD COPPER MACHINERY.
ITS SOUL, A BURNING GHOST FLAME FROM WITHIN.
THEY WOULD REMEMBER AGAIN . . .
THEY WOULD NO LONGER CELEBRATE THIS CANDIED HOLIDAY
WITHOUT REMEMBERING THE OLD CANDY FACTORY, AND THE THINGS IT CREATED!

BOO

BWINSH!

JACK, DID YOU SEE THAT? THE MONSTER?

YEAH, I SAW IT EARLIER.

THAT'S IT? AREN'T **YOU** WORRIED? SHOULDN'T WE **DO** SOMETHING?

NOPE.

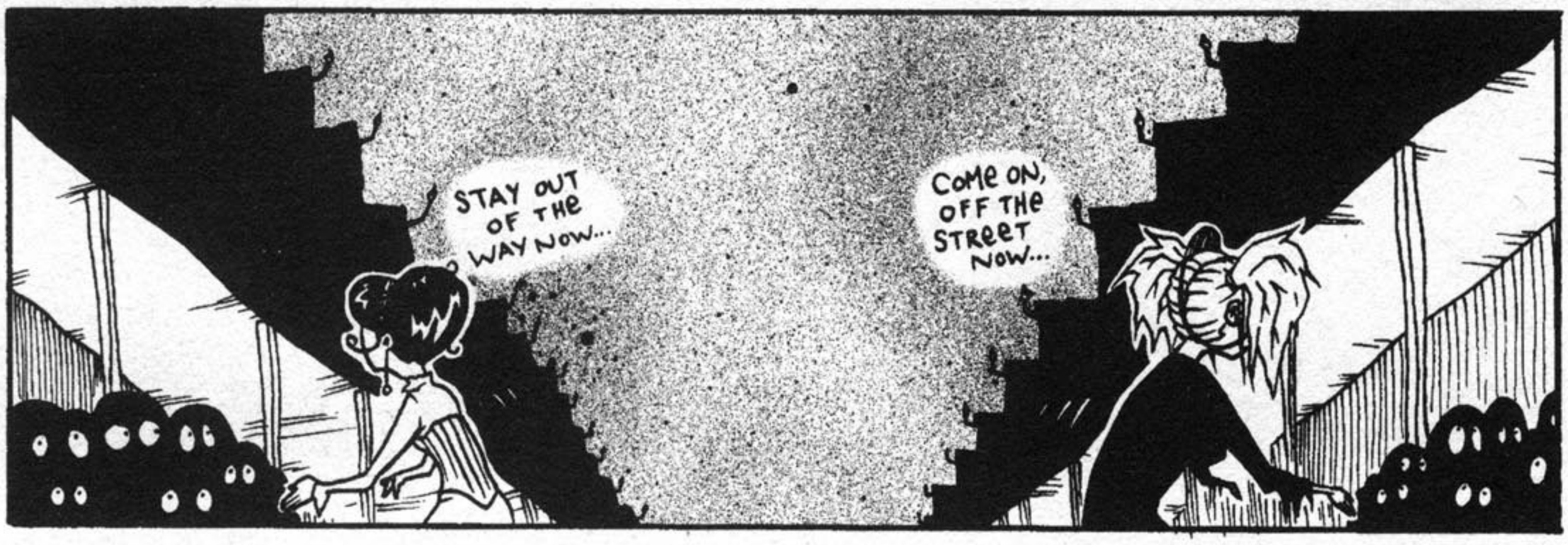
BELLA, HURRY ALONG NOW. TIME TO WORK.

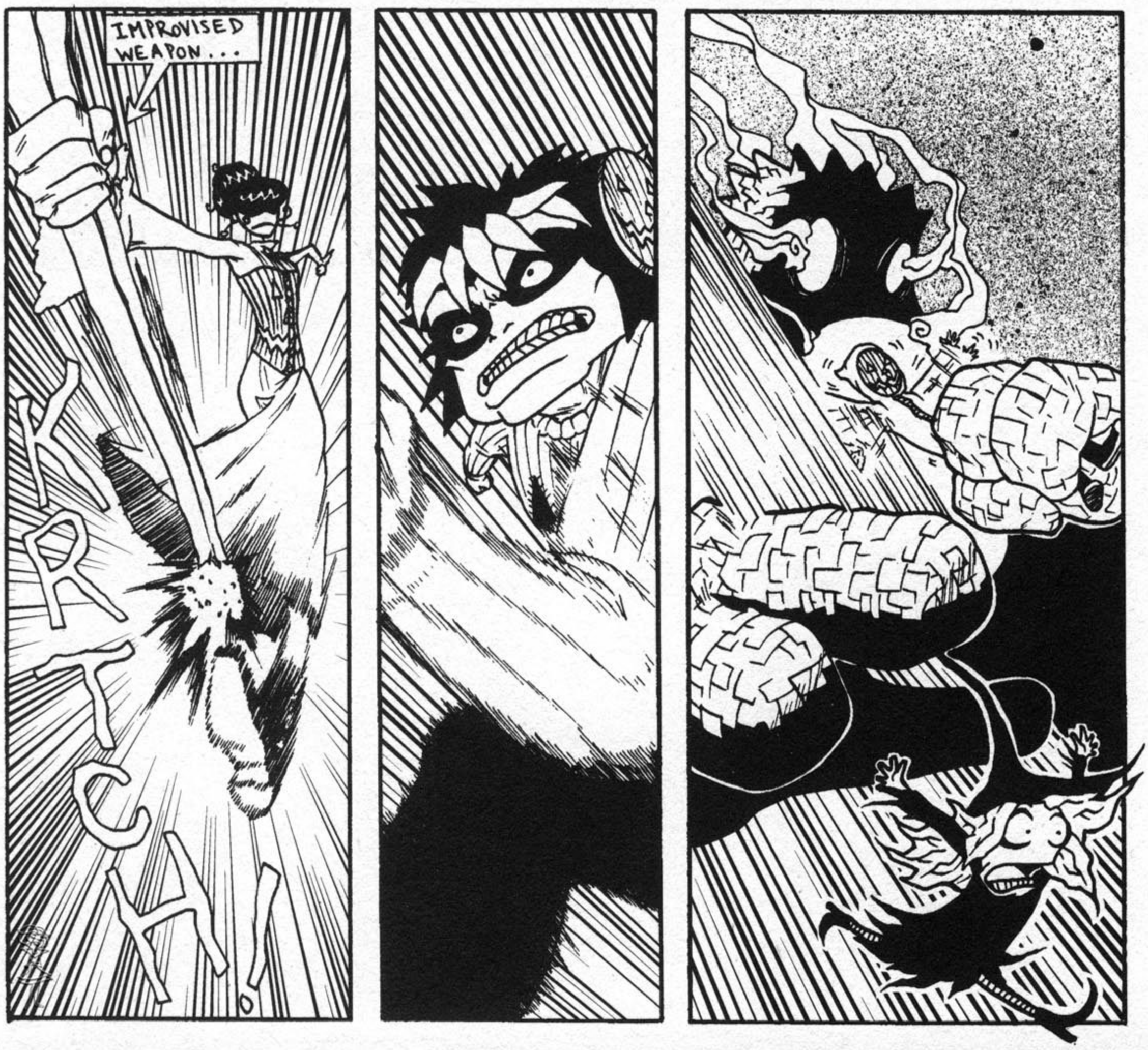
!

BOO!

ROWRRR!!

AURGHH!!


STAY OUT OF THE WAY NOW...
COME ON, OFF THE STREET NOW...


IMPROVISED WEAPON...
CRACK

KKHM!

KR

TSHE

TACKLE!

UM, DO EITHER OF YOU KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER **THADIUS**?

SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE

MEH...

SOME THINGS CHANGE . . .

K-OW!

SOME THINGS STAY THE SAME.

AURGH!

AURGH!

AURGH!

AURGH!

SCREECH
IDIOT
POKE
POKE
POKE
ARE YOU DEAD YET?
CRASH

WAKE UP YOU WANKER!

SMACK

WHEE!

WOM! WOM! WOM!

ELBOW!

WOM! WOM! WOM!

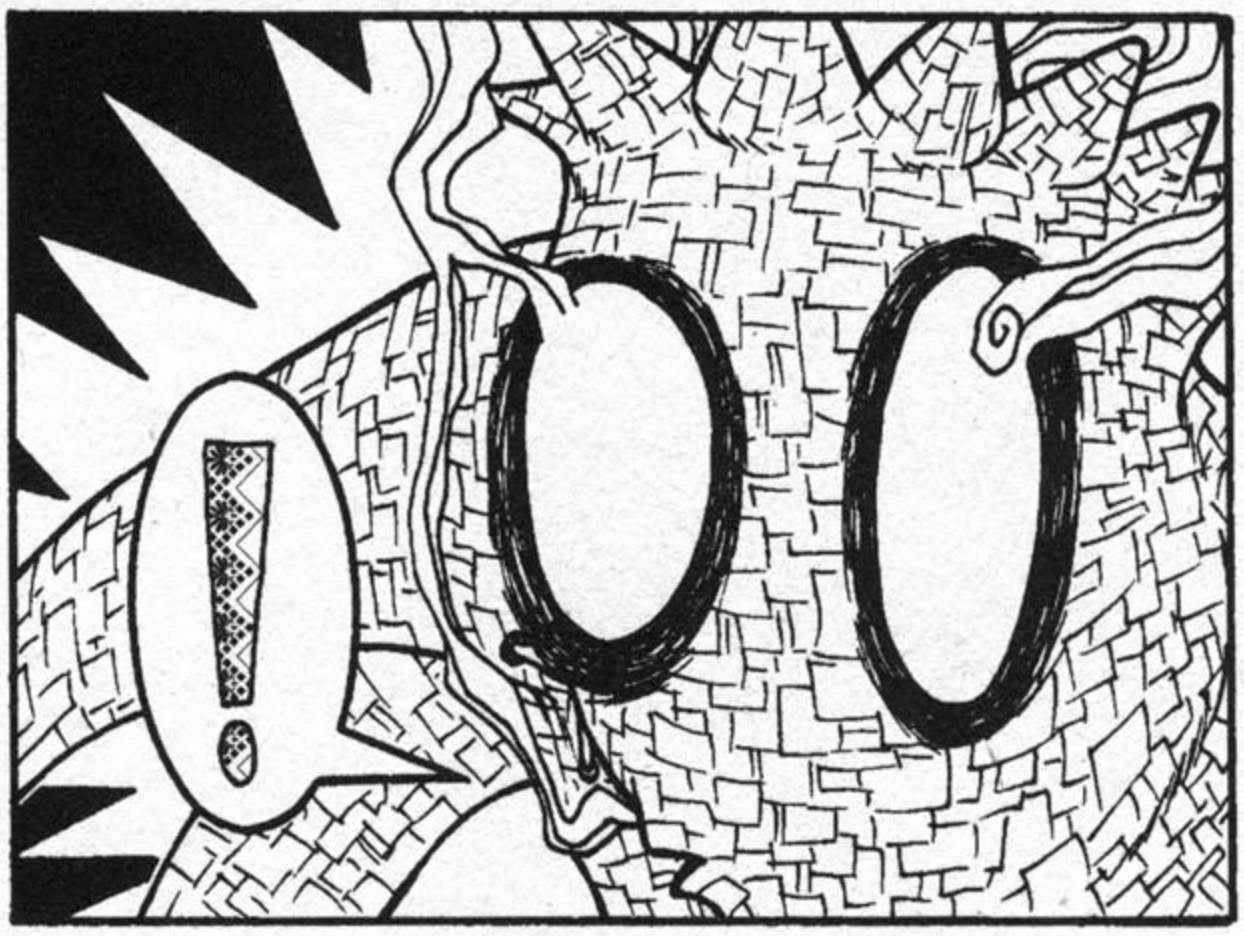
STOMP!

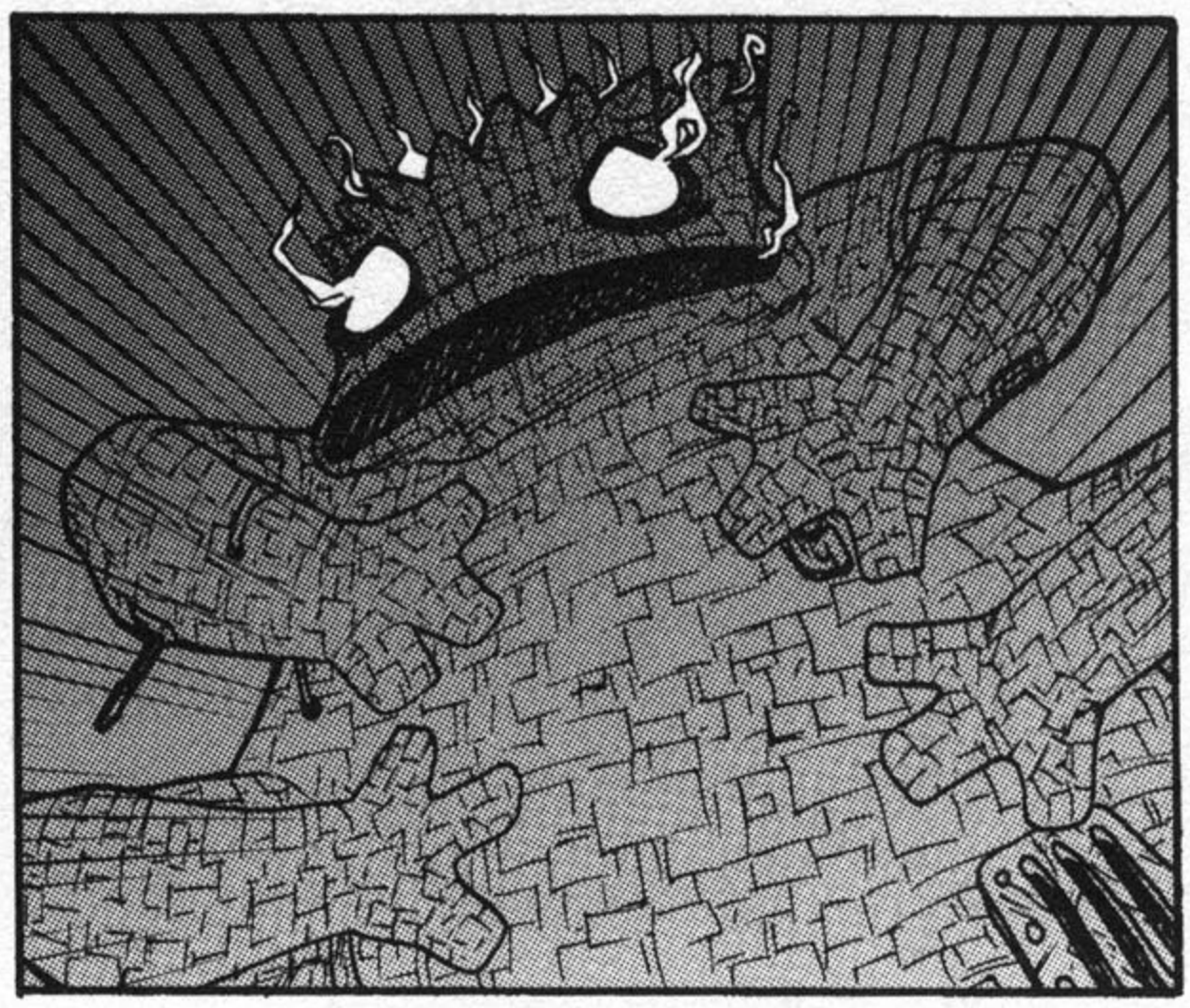
THROW!

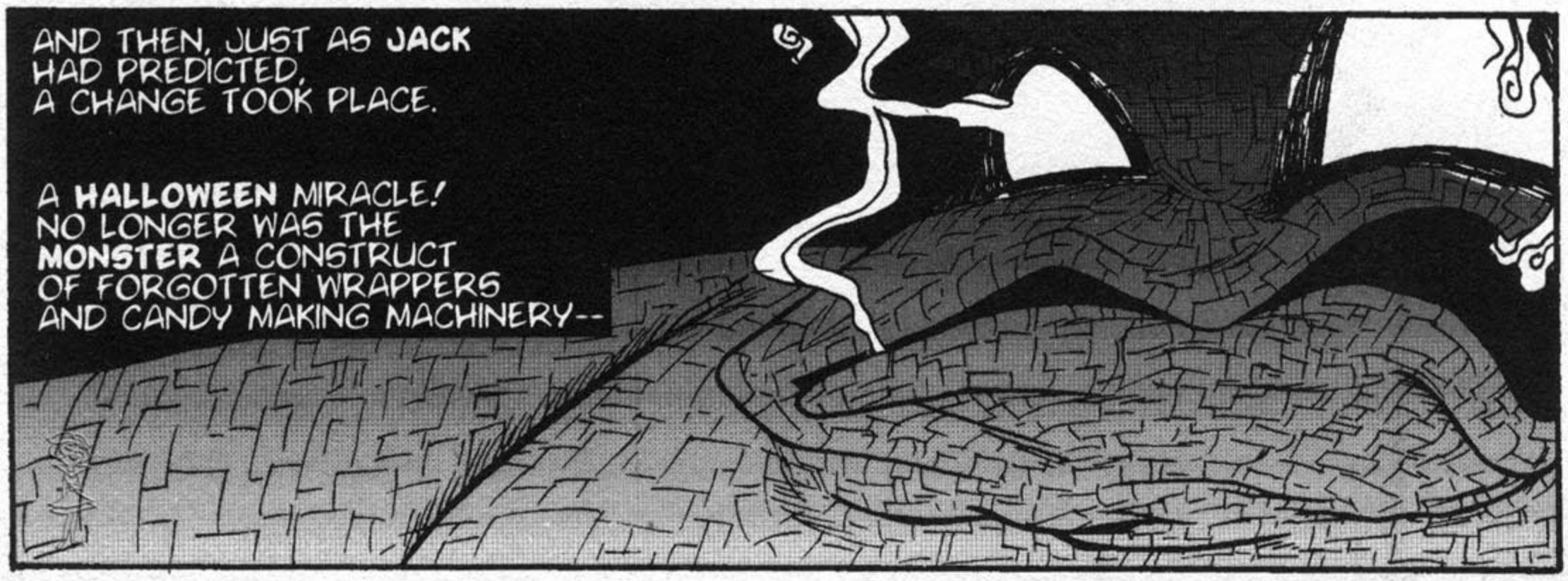
A!

SKIIID!

DON'T WORRY, IT'S OVER NOW.


!
OO




AND THEN, JUST AS JACK HAD PREDICTED, A CHANGE TOOK PLACE.
A HALLOWEEN MIRACLE! NO LONGER WAS THE MONSTER A CONSTRUCT OF FORGOTTEN WRAPPERS AND CANDY MAKING MACHINERY--

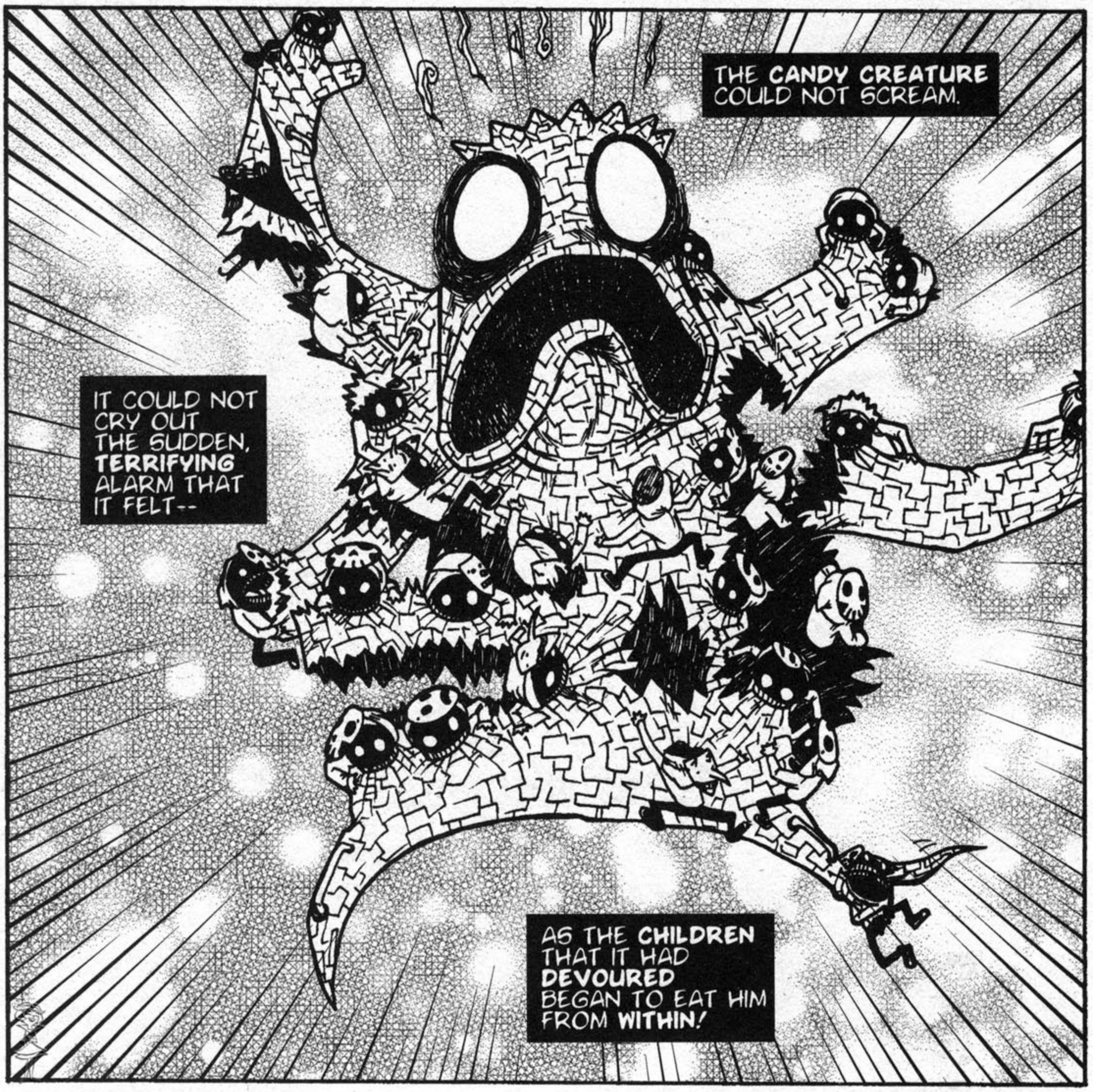
CRNSH
CRNSH
CRNSH
CRNSH
CRNSH

IT HAD BECOME **CANDY!**

THE **ENTIRE** CREATURE WAS NOW THE WORLD'S LARGEST PIECE OF LIVING CONFECTIONARY!

BURST!

CHOMP!
BITE!


THE CANDY CREATURE COULD NOT SCREAM.
IT COULD NOT CRY OUT THE SUDDEN, TERRIFYING ALARM THAT IT FELT--
AS THE CHILDREN THAT IT HAD DEVOURED BEGAN TO EAT HIM FROM WITHIN!

AND JUST AS QUICKLY AND STRANGELY AS IT HAD BEGAN, THE **DANGEROUS, CANDY CREATURE** WAS NO MORE.

LEAVING ONE FORGOTTEN **SOUL**, ON THIS MAGICAL **HALLOWEEN** NIGHT--

TO BE REMEMBERED AND FINALLY **REST IN PEACE.**

FIN.

THIS IS A SPECIAL TIME OF YEAR FOR MANY PERSONAL REASONS. IT IS MY FAVORITE HOLIDAY, IT IS THE TIME OF YEAR THAT I FIRST MET MRS. GILGRIM, AND IT IS IN ITS OWN WAY, THE MAJOR INSPIRATION FOR THE CEMETERIANS.

AS SUCH, I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY, ON BEHALF OF MARLA, FRANKLIN, BELLA, CAITLIN, THADIUS, JACK, THE MANATEES, THE PUBLISHING GOBLINS OF SLAVE LABOR GRAPHICS, THE ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENTS THAT COMPRISE GLITCH-DIGITS, MY POST-RENAISSANCE TALENTED COLOURIST MR. SCANLON, MY LOVELY AND SUPPORTIVE WIFE MRS. GILGRIM, AND OF COURSE MYSELF, TO SAY

FROM ALL OF US AT THE CEMETERIANS
WE LOVE YOU AND WISH YOU A
HAPPY ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

COMING DECEMBER 2006
THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS IN DANGER,
AND ONLY ONE, SHORT TEMPERED, HOLIDAY HATING,
NECROMANCER CAN SAVE IT.
BUT, WHY THE HELLS WOULD HE WANT TO?
FIND OUT IN THE CEMETERIANS #4 -
THE UN-XMAS SPECIAL

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